

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

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PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE YOUTH
Berkeley, California



The Cookie-man's Left Leg.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.



WHEN Dan looked out of the window and saw the swollen river full of boxes, barrels, logs, and even such wreckage as a battered hen-coop with an excited rooster looking out at the door, he thought at once of what his cousin Elsie had said the day before.

"She's been saying ever since she came here to live that she'd like to see a flood," mused the boy. "I guess she'd call this a flood all right, only she can't see anything of it over there behind the hill."

The house behind the hill where his cousin lived was not far away, and Dan's first impulse was to run over and tell Elsie what was going on. But he stiffened as he remembered their quarrel of yesterday, and how he had made up his mind not to go near his aunt's house again, and to take no notice of Elsie if she came to call.

"Let her find out things for herself," he said. "'Tisn't my business to see that she doesn't miss the fun."

Billy, the six-year-old copy of his big brother, was at this moment sitting on the rug, munching a freshly baked image from mother's cookie pan.

"It's the best man you ever baked, mother," he announced. "Won't you make another one just exactly like him for me to carry over to Elsie?"

"I've baked up all the dough, Billy dear, and besides your cold is too bad for you to go out in this damp air," was mother's answer.

"Dan'll go!" suggested Billy, hopefully; but mother shook her head.

"No more cookie-men to-day," she said, and Billy stopped in the middle of a mouthful to look at his bitten image.

"I'll give her half o' mine," he meditated. "No, it's more'n half gone, but here's a whole leg with no bites in it."

Billy was very fond of his cousin Elsie, and the idea of sharing his "cookie-man" with her was too pleasant to be given up. He carefully broke off the unbitten left leg of the image, and rolled it up in a gay paper napkin, which he found among his treasures. "Here, Dan, give it to Elsie," he cried, thrusting it into his brother's hand.

Dan was about to refuse, but the oddity of the gift tickled his fancy, and, besides, he had been secretly wishing for some excuse to make it up with Elsie, and have her share the excitement of the flood.

It would be more fun when there were two of them, and he would like to hear her squeal when he got her into the boat out there among those logs and hen-coops.

They could row as far as the point without any danger, and have a look at the rapids below.

He put the cookie-man's left leg in his pocket and started on a run for the house behind the hill.

"Why, Elsie's gone to the river already," his aunt told him at the door. "She heard the roar of the water, and she was wild to be off. I rather wanted her to wait and go with you, but she said she couldn't stop, and that any way you'd be there before her just as likely as not."

A short cut across the fields brought Dan out upon the shore not far above the rapids, and then he gave a shout of alarm.

"Hold on, Elsie, you'll be in if you don't look sharp!"

There was an old boat moored to the bank, and the girl was leaning far over the side of it making frantic dabs with a pole at something floating in the water.

"Hurry up, Dan!" she cried. "Don't you see? It's a poor little mite of a dog, and he's sick or hurt or something."

Dan scrambled into the boat beside his cousin and took a survey.

"It's a piece of a dog kennel," he said, "and the little chap is chained to it so he couldn't swim. He looks about dead. Give me the pole."

They got the dog into the boat after a good deal of trouble. It was a small black spaniel and seemed to be in the last stages of exhaustion. Dan examined the bit of wreck to which the animal had been fastened.

"This has been in the water four or five days by the looks of it," he said. "See here, Elsie, this fellow is starving. That's what's the matter with him. You see he was probably carried off when the water first began to rise around some of those low-down houses up river, and he's been tumbling round in the water ever since. It's a wonder he's got any breath left."

They turned with one impulse to scramble ashore and hurry the castaway to the house, where he could be warmed and fed. They had been too busy to notice that a great jagged timber had been gouging and worrying the bank right where the boat was fastened to a projecting root. As they turned, the root gave way and the boat, caught by an eddy, went whirling out into the open water.

There were no oars, and the first swing had taken them out of reach of the bank.

"Sit down quick, Elsie. Not on the seat, the bottom of the boat is the safest place with all these logs and things thumping against the side."

Dan spoke calmly, but his eye was anxious, as he scanned the prospect. They were whirling along at such a rate now that it was risky even to try to catch a fragment of driftwood to use as an oar. The roar of the rapids sounded loud and near. Dan looked at the old shell under them, and thought how quickly it would go to pieces on the teeth of those rocks below.

"Hurrah!" he shouted suddenly; "here's our chance. We can stop a while and get our breath, anyway."

The current had swept them into a bend of the shore where a willow bush stood with just its top above water. Dan had caught the top so firmly that the boat had to stop.

"H'm!" he muttered; "wish 'twas a few sizes bigger; but I can hang on to it till we're struck by a log or somebody's woodshed."

"Oh, dear," mourned Elsie. "I shouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for this poor little thing." She had laid the limp dog carefully on a bed made of her sweater, and was patting and coaxing him for some signs of recovery. "Haven't you got a crumb of anything to feed him with, Dan?"

"Why, yes, I've got the cookie-man's left leg in my right-hand pocket. You'll have to fish it out yourself; I don't dare to loosen my grip on this bush."

Elsie seized Billy's cousinly offering without stopping to ask questions. She soon succeeded in getting a crumb into the little dog's mouth: another and another followed, till presently the patient raised his heavy eyes and wagged his tail feebly each time a fresh piece was given him.

"Hello, there's a boat!" cried Dan, suddenly, almost losing hold of the bush in his excitement. "It's a river driver's bateau with eight men. It's way over the other side, but we've got to make them hear!"

This was not an easy thing to do above the noise of the flood. The boy and girl joined their voices, but they seemed to be swept away by the dull roar of the water.

Dan, who understood the danger of their position better than Elsie did, felt suddenly despairing. The bateau was going swiftly up river and would soon be out of reach.

All at once the limp patient in the bottom of the boat rose upright with two black paws on the rail. Whether he understood the situation or recognized some friend in the bateau it would be hard to say; but he threw up his head and broke into a series of howls that cut clean through all the other noise.

The men in the bateau looked around, caught sight of the castaways, and in another moment were heading for them with all the speed of their long oars.

"Did Elsie like my present?" demanded Billy that evening, hanging upside down over the back of his brother's chair.

"She did that! It was a howling success. In fact, Bill, I don't know as we shall ever be willing to go boating again without having a cookie-man's left leg in our right-hand pocket."

An Adventure.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

Last night upon the bridge of dreams
A fearful beast I met.
It really makes me shiver yet,
So fierce and big he seems.
He roars and rages with a din
The circus cannot beat.
If you, my child, this lion meet—
It's March coming in.

Some night, when we in dreamland are,
Another we shall see,—
A gentle, skipping lambkin he,
Who only says baa-a-a.
Yet we shall know beyond a doubt
This timid, little pet
Is that same fearful beast we met:
Just March going out.

Peter's Part.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"I WISH we could move to Woodsborough," said Peter, discontentedly, one evening. His father laid down his paper and looked at him intently.

"Why, what's the matter with Oakvale all of a sudden?" he inquired.

"It's the dirtiest town I ever saw," grumbled Peter, "the streets are really a sight! And, coming in on the train, it seems to me that all you can see is old cans and refuse and the backs of dirty-looking buildings."

"Isn't Woodsborough about the same?"

"I should say not! Why, Father, it isn't much larger than this, but it is the most spick-and-span town you ever saw. And the streets are lined with trees."

"Why, that's odd," said Father, in a puzzled tone. "The last time I was there it was just as unprepossessing an appearing town as this. They must have cleaned it up since."

"How long ago was that?" asked Peter.
"Three or four years. I wonder who cleaned it up?"

"Whoever did made a success of it," said Peter, enthusiastically. "I wish they would come over here and commence on this burg. It seems to me as if I just can't stand it to live here. Couldn't we move to Woodsborough, Father?"

"I am afraid not: my business is here, you know; and, in spite of its undeniably untidy appearance, Oakdale has its good points; and it could be cleaned up if only every one would do his part."

After he had gone to the office, Peter sat at the window and thought.

"I wish I was a man, and I would clean up this town," he said to himself; "but a boy can't do anything. Father said, though, that the town could be cleaned if every one would do his part. I wonder if there is any part that I could clean?"

He arose and strolled into the back yard. "Even the yards are dirty," he grumbled: "now just look at this one!" He looked around the disordered space discontentedly.

"We haven't ever kept chickens, and I guess we never will," he reflected; "and yet those old, gray, weatherbeaten chicken houses have stood there ever since father bought the place. If they were out of the way, I could clean this place up so that you wouldn't know it."

The longer he looked at the yard, the more disgusted he became, until he decided to

telephone to his father and see if the old sheds might not be torn down.

"Yes, if you will do the work," was his father's answer.

Rip! rip! went the boards under Peter's determined attack, and within an hour's time the old chicken houses were reduced to a pile of old boards which Peter hauled into the cellar to chop up for kindling, later.

"That looks better," he declared.

"It certainly does," agreed his mother, who had just come home from shopping and ran out to see what he was doing. "Why, I didn't know we had such a large yard! Wouldn't it make a fine garden?"

"I should rather guess, yes!" shouted Peter. "I'll rake it all up and see if Father will help me spade it to-night. The soil is rich and fertile, I am sure things will grow."

"And I will plant some vines along the fence," answered his mother. "I think there is nothing so pretty as a fence covered with vines."

"Uncle Ben asked me if I didn't want some fruit trees out of his nursery," cried Peter. "We could plant a row or two in the yard without interfering with the garden, and I am sure he would let me have a couple of pepper trees for the front of the house."

The fruit trees and the peppers were secured, and the rich soil of the garden spaded before the week was over, while a long row of seeds that later became trailing vines was buried along the fence on each side of the garden spot. Peter's father stopped each evening to see how the work progressed.

"Well, well," he observed when the fruit trees made their appearance, "if the yard doesn't shame the house! I declare, I'll have to have it painted."

Accordingly, the following day the painters came and commenced their task of transforming the rather dingy walls to a condition of snowy whiteness.

Peter watched them awhile. "I guess our house is going to be the best in the block," he said proudly. "Everything is spick and span now but the alley, and that isn't in our yard. Guess I'll clean it up just the same." He hurriedly seized the rake and hoe and scampered into the alley behind the house to do battle with the debris there. When he rattled the old cans and pieces of tin into a neat pile, a sudden noise made him look up, to see Jimmy Rowland peering over his back fence at him with owl-like eyes.

"Mine's cleaner than yours," he challenged.

"Your what?" asked Peter in a puzzled tone, tearing up an imbedded bit of rope with his rake.

"My yard, of course."

Peter dropped the rake and stared.

"You been cleaning up, too?" he inquired.

"Sure, all of us fellows are. You surely started something when you commenced on yours, all the fellows have been digging ever since. You ought to take a look at the yards over here." Accordingly Peter clambered, catlike, to the top of the fence.

"Whe-e-ew!" he exclaimed, as his eyes caught sight of a row of spotless back yards which before had been remarkable only for their littered appearance.

"We didn't have any trees, though," said Jimmy, regretfully; "but, as soon as we get all through with our own places, we are going to hire out to clean up some of the places where they haven't any boys to do it, and then we can buy some."

"Hurrah!" shouted Peter, "I've got an idea. Let's make this whole block an ex-

ample to the town. You fellows go on with your yards, and I'll clean up the alleys all the way through the block. We'll go to all the houses and ask them to let us clean up their places: even if they won't pay us, we will have the pleasure of knowing that there isn't any other block in town as clean. But I think they will all pay."

"So do I," cried Jimmy, balancing upon the top of the fence and whistling to the other boys at work in their back yards, "and we'll get pepper trees like yours and set them out in front of all the houses if we can. Dad is going to paint our house next week."

"That makes five houses in the block to be painted," answered Peter, excitedly, "because the folks on either side of us have asked the painters to come there as soon as our house is painted."

"Not many of the other houses need it," said Jimmy. "Hurrah for the cleaning brigade!" And both boys jumped from the fence to meet the rest of the boys who were advancing upon them.

In a week's time no one would have known the block, and the neighbors began to "prick up their ears" as Peter expressed it. The slogan of "the cleanest block in town" passed from lip to lip, but neighborhood pride soon awakened, and the boys found their claim contested. The cleaning-up fever spread gradually at first; but, once started, it spread like wildfire, until the whole town threatened to rival in beauty and cleanliness the once envied Woodsborough.

"I don't know how it ever happened," said Peter, happily. "I guess the town, like Topsy, 'just grew' clean, didn't it, Father?"

"It certainly grew," laughed his father; "but I don't know as I would say that it 'just grew,' for you see I am proud to think that my boy started the wholesale cleaning up."

"I started it!" exclaimed Peter, in surprise, "Why, Father, I just cleaned up our own back yard first—I didn't do anything for the city."

But his father only smiled.

It Couldn't be Done.

SOMEBODY said that it couldn't be done; But he, with chuckle, replied, That, "Maybe it couldn't, but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he tried." So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin On his face. If he worried, he hid it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that,—

At least, no one ever has done it." But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it; With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin, Without any doubting or quit it, He started to sing as he tackled the thing That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done—

There are thousands to prophesy failure; There are thousands to point to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you; But just buckle in, with a bit of a grin, Then take off your coat and go at it; Just start in to sing, as you tackle the thing That cannot be done, and you'll do it.

Who?

In March.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

WHEN roofs are streaming in the sun,
And down and down the big drift
sinks,

And by his hole the woodchuck blinks,
And at high noon the streamlets run
That lag or sleep when day is done;

I know,

Whatever winds may blow,
The springtime—the springtime has begun.

When easier opes the arbor door,
And conscious look the lilac tips,
And yellower grow the willow whips,
And lambs that roam the meadow o'er
Look daily snowier than before;

I know,

Whatever winds may blow,
The winter—the winter is no more.

Youth's Companion.

Hunting a Bee Tree.

BY ELIZABETH L. STOCKING.

"COME on!" said Uncle James.
Willard came running, and so did
his sister Marian.

"This is your last day in the country, and
we're going to do something," he declared.
Just as if they hadn't been doing wonderful
things all the time they had been there!

"Oh, what is it?" asked Marian.

"You'll find out," said Uncle James, myste-
riously. "Marian, carry the basket, please.
Willard, here is a pail and shovel for you,
and I'll bear this magic box and the hatchet.
Ready, march!"

They went off gayly down the road until
they came to a field yellow with goldenrod.
"This is our base of operations. Halt!"
commanded Uncle James. "Now, behold!"

He opened the magic box with a flourish.

"There's nothing but a piece of honey-
comb in it," said Willard.

Uncle James held the box near a spray of
goldenrod, from which a bee was sucking
sweets. With one motion of his hand he
swept the bee into the box and closed the
cover. They heard the bee buzzing angrily
for a moment or two, then all was still.
Uncle James set the box on a fence-post and
opened it.

"The bee thinks this ready-made honey
beats the goldenrod," said Uncle James;
and, sure enough, the bee was feasting eagerly
in one of the honey-cells.

"Watch," directed Uncle James.

The bee rose heavily from the box, circled
about several times, then flew off in the direc-
tion of the woods.

"If we could follow that bee, our quest
would be ended," said Uncle James. "Now
can you guess what we're going to do?"

"Oh, yes," cried Willard, "we're going on a
honey hunt."

Now, a honey hunt, like most other kinds
of hunting, requires patience. Uncle James
and the children watched many bees come
to the box, attracted by the scent of a few
drops of anise oil placed upon it. They
moved the box to another location, so that,
by judging the angle where the two "bee
lines" from the box to the woods met, they
could get some idea of the location of the
bee tree. When they thought they knew
pretty nearly where this tree ought to be,
they plunged into the woods.

"Look out for bees, And hollow trees,"
rhymed Uncle James.



CHUMS.

There were plenty of hollow trees. Fre-
quently, Willard or Marian called out,
"I've got it!" only to find themselves
mistaken.

"This ought to be April 1st instead of
September," said Uncle James, laughing,
"you've been fooled so many times."

Every little while they stopped and opened
the honey-box again to attract their unsus-
pecting bee guides.

Once, in fact, the bees told them that
they had passed the honey tree, and they
were obliged to turn around and go back.

"There're so many trees, and I'm so tired,"
complained Marian, at last.

"We'll sit right down and open your bas-
ket," said Uncle James.

Willard perched himself upon a stump,
while Uncle James and Marian sat on a
fallen log. The contents of the basket proved
very satisfactory to the hungry bee-hunters.
There were home-made bread and butter, a
bottle of creamy milk, plenty of apples and
grapes, and some of Aunt Elsie's celebrated
cookies. One of these was cut into the shape
of a rabbit.

"That shall be the prize for whoever
finds the bee tree," said Uncle James.

Suddenly Willard jumped from his stump
with a yell, and began dancing around, crying,
"Oh, I'm stung, I'm stung!"

"Come here," said Uncle James. "Let
me see."

He took the boy in his arms and found the
sting on his leg.

"I'll fix that," he told Willard.

He got some mud from a puddle near by
and plastered it on the hurt.

"Oh, that feels good!" exclaimed Willard,
almost smiling.

"I will now present the prize to the dis-
coverer of the honey tree," said Uncle James,
and he solemnly handed the rabbit cookie to
Willard.

"But I—I didn't"—stammered Willard
in amazement.

"Yes, you did. There it is," laughed
Uncle James, pointing to the stump on which
Willard had been sitting. "See the bees
crawling into it."

After Uncle James had stupefied the bees
with fumes from some sulphur which he pro-
duced, he chopped the stump open, and they
found pounds and pounds of honey, which
they shovelled into their pail and carried
home in triumph.

THE BEACON.

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The Beacon.

BY EMMA R. ROSS.

"WHY is our Sunday-school paper called
The Beacon?" asked Miss Vance of
one of our Sunday schools one day.

One boy looked quickly at the paper and
said, "It is published on Beacon Street."

"Yes, this is one reason, but there is a
better reason than that," Then Miss Vance
went on to tell the story.

"Beacon Street is a street on Beacon Hill
in Boston, but to find why the hill was
named Beacon Hill we must go back to the
early history of Boston. When Boston was
a little village, it still had ships like the
'Mayflower' go back and forth to England
to bring supplies for these pioneers; and, as
the years went on, there were many of these
ships; but Boston Harbor has many islands
in it and many dangerous places.

"There were no lighthouses, but the ships
must have something to guide them if they
were going up the harbor by night, so the
people of Boston took the highest point of
Tri-Mont (now softened into Tremont), or
the mountain of Three Peaks, and on it they
had each night a beacon fire. For this they
took tar and shavings and wood and made a
huge bonfire, which could be seen far out at
sea and was a guide to the great ships com-
ing up the bay.

"From this the hill came to be named
Beacon Hill, and the street which led to it
was called Beacon Street. On it lived
wealthy people in stately and beautiful
homes. To-day the street is known the
world over as one of the prominent features
of Boston.

"But there is another reason why it is a
beautiful thing to call our paper *The Beacon*.
We feel that Our Faith is a light to those
sailing the Ocean of Life, and so we have our
Beacon with its five points of light:

"The Fatherhood of God.

"The Brotherhood of Man.

"The Leadership of Jesus.

"Salvation by Character.

"The Progress of Mankind, onward and
upward forever.

"And now, when you see the name of our
paper each Sunday, it will be an inspiration
to you to make yourself a smaller beacon to
send forth rays of light and cheer."

*March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.*

Old Rhyme.

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

[Letters for this department must be written on
one side of the paper only, and should be addressed
to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston,
Mass.]

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.,
104 Arlington Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the First
Parish Sunday school of Medford. I have only lived
in Medford for two years. I used to live in Newport,
R.I., and there attended the Unitarian Sunday
school, "Channing Memorial."

I have been reading *The Beacon* and like it very
much. I would like to join the Beacon Club, and am
enclosing a few conundrums for it.

Very truly,
FANNIE GREENE.

PETERBORO, N.H.,
11 Winter Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a country boy living about
a fifteen minutes' walk from the village by a round-
about way, and a five minutes' walk through a short
cut which is used only in summer.

I am in the sixth grade in school and about ten
minutes' walk brings me there.

I like the Beacon Club Corner and I also like *The
Beacon* itself. I would like to be a member of the
Club.

I have stamps and have very many different
kinds,—about five hundred in all.

Yours truly,
CHARLES ABBOTT PARKHURST.

HUMBOLDT, IA.,
Jan. 18, 1914.

Dear Miss Buck,—I thought I would write a
letter to you. I am very much interested in *The
Beacon*. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. Our
Sunday-school class has a club. At the Club we
sew, and some one reads to us. Sometimes we play
games. Before we go home we have refreshments.
In the summer we have picnics.

I go to school all the time. I am in the sixth
grade.

Yours truly,
OLIVE LOOMIS.

Letters have also been received from
Mary Myers, Frederick Lawson, and George
Merz, of Jamestown, New York (all members
of the Beacon Club which has been formed
in the Unitarian Sunday school of James-
town), and from Evelyn Chase, of Boston,
telling of their interest in *The Beacon* and
their wish to join our Club. To all we give
a hearty welcome.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA L.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 5, 9, 7, is what some pans are made of.

My 6, 3, 5, is the name of an insect.

My 4, 14, 6, 8, is something we sit on.

My 1, 2, 12, is a name for a policeman.

My 3, 11, is to say you won't do it.

My 1, 6, 8, is a four-legged animal.

My 13, 9, 10, 14, is a mark drawn by a pencil.

My whole is the name of a city in Europe.

CORNELIUS E. OTTERSON.

ENIGMA LI.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 9, 3, 4, is a musical instrument.

My 7, 2, 8, is a boy's nickname.

My 4, 5, 11, 6, is a kind of fruit.

My 4, 15, 14, is used to write with.

My 10, 13, 14, is a liquor.

My 12, 13, 10, 12, 2, 10, is an uneven line.

My whole is the name of a well-known publication.

FRED ERICSON.

ENIGMA LII.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 3, 4, 8, 6, is a boy's nickname.

My 11, 2, is a refusal.

My 10, 5, 12, 13, 14, is to squeeze hard.

My 6, 9, 10, 11, is a large village.

My 10, 5, 4, 11, is a bird.

My 7, 8, 12, 13, 14, is to carry.

My 1, 9, 10, is a noisy quarrel.

My whole is the name of an English poet.

EILEEN McMANUS.

A DIAMOND.

My first is a vowel.

My second is a conjunction.

My third is a part of a book.

My fourth is a cave.

My fifth is a consonant.

L. EARLE MERROW.

A RIDDLE.

With many a splash,

A flop and a dash,

My white will turn to gold.

And then you will see

Men asking for me,

When for your gold I am sold.

Youth's Companion.

TWISTED BIBLICAL CHARACTERS.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Caberec. | 6. Musela. |
| 2. Seoms. | 7. Molonas. |
| 3. Acasi. | 8. Hijarame. |
| 4. Ocadjb. | 9. Hosaju. |
| 5. Harlec. | 10. Masobal. |

GRACE E. LUSTIG.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22.

ENIGMA XLVI.—Is Saul also among the prophets?
ENIGMA XLVII.—Abraham Lincoln.

A WORD SQUARE.—S T A R

T A M E

A M E N

R E N T

BEHEADINGS.—1. S-in. 2. S-ink. 3. S-and. 4.
S-tile. 5. S-lip. 6. S-lash. 7. S-tory. 8. S-lime.
9. S-kate. 10. S-pry.

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Beulah W.
Smith, Nantucket, Mass., and by "Caravho," of
Dorchester, Mass.

THINK of the roots getting ready to
sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers out
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Selected.

Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under
eighteen years of age. Conditions which must
be observed will not again be published, but will be
sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent
stamp.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred
words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles
must be original with the sender, with no two in
of the same kind, and must be accompanied by
answers and indorsement.]

Group VIII. Must be received before April 1.

1. Story or Essay: "By Wireless."

2. Verse: "In Springtime."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group IX. Must be received before May 1.

1. Story or Essay: "How I earned my First
Dollar."

2. Verse: "Somebody's Child."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group X. Must be received before June 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My best Summer Vacation."

2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.